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From Home to Home

Or The Voyage of Life

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From Shore to Shore

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MAY I NOT?
or
Two ways of looking through a telescope

WHAT CAN I DO?
(A question for professing Christians)

DIDLEY DUMPS, THE NEWSBOY

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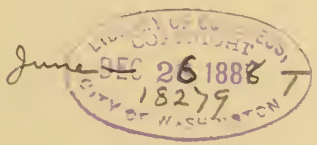

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
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To My Fellow-Voyagers on the Sea of Life

Whate'er to thee may be the voyage of life,
Thou canst not tell its perils or its strife.
Dangers lie thick where none are thought to be;
Beware, and watch for those that threaten thee.
However smooth the surface may appear,
Ten thousand snares falsely entice thee near.
Be on thy guard, trust not to thine own arm—
Self-confidence is sure to do thee harm.
Trust only in the Bible as thy chart;
None other tells thee who and what thou art.
Guided by it, life's voyage is sure to be
Fraught only with eternal bliss to thee.

THE AUTHOR.

From Shore to Shore

From Shore to Shore

THE picture of life, "From shore to shore,"
Is one we should frequently study;
It reveals events in days of yore,
And warns for the future be ready.

The aged couple at stern of boat
Wear badges of mourning and sorrow;
They are wrapped in thought on things remote,
Yet fully prepared for the morrow.

The good old man on his staff reclines;
Supported by it, he feels secure;
He 'll need it more, for as health declines,
Increasing burdens he must endure.

THIS blessed emblem of aid from on high,
Tells of One in whom all may confide;
He who always is ready and nigh,
And no mercy has ever denied.

Though wearied this pilgrim oft has been,
Loneliness never has made him sad:
There sits beside him, calm and serene,
The companion whose presence makes glad.

Wonder not that they 're peaceful and calm,
They 're upheld by the God they adore;
He sustains by an almighty arm
We see figured by basket and store.

IT matters naught if tide ebb or flow,
Or whether life's voyage be rough and long;
Trusting hearts are kept always aglow,
Though they 're not always vocal in song.

There is but One in whom to confide,
He who rules over ocean and land;
We are safe, if in Him we abide;
He holds mountains and seas in His hand.

Next in order of life's scale of years,
Stands conscious manhood in all his prime,
Intently watching how boatman steers—
His faith is centered in Guide divine.

THOUGH he 's blest with rugged health, and young,
He needs a staff for support and stay—
This proud protector of wife and son ;
Resolved to guard them, let come what may.

Youth and courtship we see in next space;
They 're strewing their path with flowers gay ;
'T is their true position in life's race,
And youth-like, to heed what flowers say.

Their path through life must needs checkered be—
To-day fierce storms, but to-morrow calm ;
Though waves rise high, or at rest the sea,
With "hope" for anchor, there 's no alarm.

MAY flowers, scattered with youthful hand,
Follow life's boat wherever it goes;
And when they reach the heavenly land,
Find in full blossom sweet Sharon's rose.

He represents Time, who plies the oar;
Silently,—ceaselessly rowing;
Propelling his freight "from shore to shore,"
So long as life's tide shall keep flowing.

His weary task will ere long be done,
'T is ended when the stream is crossed;
Time ceases when our life's race is run—
It 's in the eternal future lost.

PEEPS o'er the gunwale a pretty face—
Boatman's child we suppose her to be.
Why should one just beginning life's race
Gaze so intently into life's sea?

In this young face, so marked by sadness,
Is there aught that we can discover
To explain the absence of gladness?
Mourns she, think you, o'er a lost mother?

The full basket of store behind her
Proves she is cared for by some kind hand;
Her mother's prayers to Christ do bind her,
Ere long they will meet in "happy land."

THE little children placed at boat's prow,
Are in marked contrast with aged at stern;
Full of bright hope and fondest dreams now,
Yet having all life's lessons to learn.

"From Shore to Shore" has thus wisely classed
The extremes of age in bow and stern;
It so portrays the future and past,
Teaching a lesson we all may learn.

Life's story is one we all should hear,
And, certainly, one that all should heed;
It tells events from cradle to bier,
Directing our steps in time of need.

WE learn by picture, on which we dwell,
At any age we may hear death's call.
Shall it to us be the dreaded knell,
Or glorious home "prepared" for all?

"Time and tide do not wait," we are told,
They tarry not for humble or great;
They regard not the young nor the old;
How unwise then to trust to their fate.

'T is wrong to take sad views of this life,
And speak of it as a path of thorns;
Though here there 's much of battle and strife,
Many a blessing to earth belongs.

WHY else that church we see on the hill,
Leading our thoughts where it points its spire?
God's house on earth should our hearts fill
With holy zeal and heavenly fire.

Grand monument of God's care and love!
Ever reminding of promised land,
And of that glorious house above,
In Heaven eternal, "not made by hand."

All that 's on earth, o'er which we so grieve,
Is sad fruit of man's folly and fall;
Only what 's good from God we receive;
He freely offers Heaven to all.

NONE who yet linger on shore of time
Need doubt safe passage to other realm;
All may be sure of a life sublime
Who cross the waters with Christ at helm.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.
Isaiah xliii : 2.

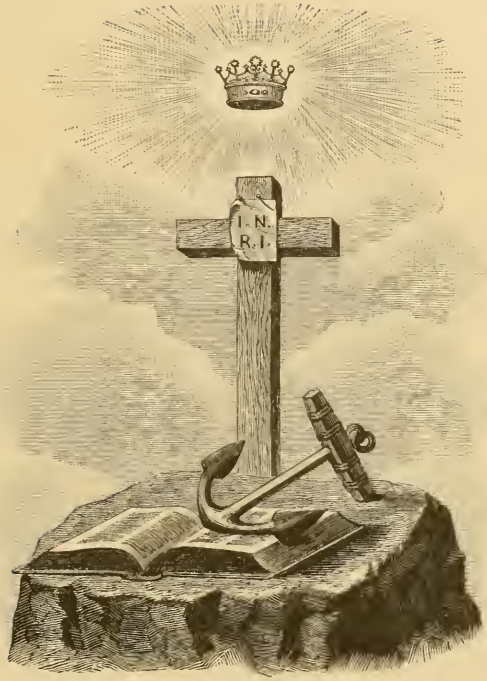
Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith.
II Cor. xiii : 5.

IT may be well to turn from those whom I
Have watched floating upon life's transient sea ;
And seek to know—not *their* eternal state,
But what the future has in store for me.

There 's naught of selfishness in this. Whate'er
For others I am willing to endure,
'T is God's command I "first" His kingdom seek,
And "make my calling and election sure."

Though there is much of sin o'er which to grieve,
The Friend who guides me through life's weary strife
Has promised not to leave me, nor forsake.
This glorious promise means eternal life.

Eternal life! Forever with the Lord!
What human mind can grasp this theme divine?
Only the One who has this promise made,
Can give the faith that makes the promise mine.



Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Hebrews xi : 1*

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—*Hebrews xiii : 5.*

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*1 Cor. xv. : 57.*

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